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BERT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.50 Per Year

VOL. XXXV. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1898. NO. 38

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We once saw a horse sold for ninety-five cents. He was just as high and just as long as any horse. This may not be an elegant comparison, but it applies. A low priced article is not a cheap article. A cheap article is not always low priced. A low priced piano is a questionable piano. A questionable piano is a bad piano. Hence buy the best—

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[illegible]—James Latta.

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[illegible]—Thomas A. Morrison.
[illegible]—W. Stone, Warren.
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[illegible]—Hermann H. North, Bradford.
[illegible]—Meridan Gorton, Smethport.
[illegible]—Smethport.
[illegible]—W. Mitchell, Bradford.
[illegible]—E. R. Clark, Bradford.
[illegible]—Wm. A. Young, Smethport.
[illegible]—Thomas F. Hungerville.
[illegible]—H. Wetzer, Kane.
[illegible]—Walter Schrader, Wm. Brooks.
[illegible]—Freeman, J. R. Cannon, Jr.
[illegible]—A. L. Lory, Lewisville.
[illegible]—H. F. Cary, Carrollton.
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[illegible]—J. Culbertson, treasurer; Carl [illegible]
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[illegible]—Klopp, W. Stark.
[illegible]—Baumgartner.
[illegible]—H. R. Mayo president, Jame[illegible]
[illegible]—secretary, Emma Gifford treas[illegible]
[illegible]—Strickland, Jos. N. Apple, J. A.
[illegible]—J. Daily.
[illegible]—Francis Freeman.
[illegible]—R. Mayo, John Eastman, Omer
[illegible]—Carl Sauer.
[illegible]—Justice—C. H. Hartingham, Jas.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street. MERIDAN GORTON, W. M.
R. F. SMETHPORT, SEC'Y.

Smethport Lodge, No. 338, meets every [illegible] at 8 o'clock. R. A. O. F. Hall [illegible] Pythian degree 1st meeting of each [illegible] degree on second, 3d degree on fourth meetings [illegible] D. L. HAVEN, N. G.
[illegible] HOATE, Sec'y.

[illegible]—Smethport Encampment No. 311 meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible] E. FELTON, Chief Patriarch.
[illegible] HOATE, Scribe.

[illegible]—LA RESERVAR LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
[illegible] DUNN, Sec'y.

[illegible]—R.—McKean Post No 317, meets First and Third Thursday even ng, of each month at [illegible] in the Odd Fellow Hall.
[illegible] E. MAYO, Com.
[illegible] BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

[illegible]—C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at [illegible] W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS KATE L. WARNEY, Pres.
[illegible] ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

[illegible] OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Regular communication, No. 77, meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evening in Beach's Hall.
D. L. HAVEN, Em. Com.
[illegible] H. WATERHALL, Chancellor.

[illegible] W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 168, meets [illegible], fourth and 15th Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Beach's Block.
[illegible] HERMAN H. NORTH, M. W.
[illegible] LACEY, Recorder.

[illegible] T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Beach's Block.
WASHINGTON STARK, Com.
[illegible] H. MORRISON, K. R.

[illegible] T. M.—ROUND HILL, No. 46 Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Beaches Block, Tuesday afternoon.
Miss ANNA H. GIFFORD, Com.
MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

[illegible] B. A.—Smethport Branch 83, meets [illegible] second Wednesday of each month [illegible] U. W. Beaches Block.
FANNIE LYNCH, Pres't.
[illegible] CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

[illegible] C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
Miss [illegible] A. SCULL, Pres.
Mrs. M. E. RICHMOND Sec'y.

[illegible] H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 39, meets on [illegible] and Third Wednesday evenings of each [illegible] in Beaches Block.
JOSEPHINE COLEBROOK, Pres.
Miss ADDIE M. STOLL, Secy.

Churches.

[illegible] Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., [illegible] Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 [illegible] Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday [illegible] at 3 p. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. [illegible] Leagues at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at [illegible] p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday [illegible] p. m. Lenten prayer meeting Thursday [illegible] p. m.

[illegible] CHURCH.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, Pastor. [illegible] at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] school immediately after morning service. [illegible] or meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 [illegible] Young People's prayer meeting at 7:30 [illegible] every Monday evening. Covenant meeting [illegible] every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Sacrament [illegible] Communion the first Sundays in each [illegible] at 10:30 a. m. and the Lord's supper [illegible] first Sunday of every second month. All [illegible] welcome.

[illegible] CHURCH.—REV. HARRY MCLAUGHLIN, Rector [illegible] every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] service at 9:15 a. m., except on first Sunday [illegible] month, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

[illegible] Church (Organized Last March)—REV. J. HENRY HANNA, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

Church Catholic (Roman)—Rev. Michael [illegible], pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 [illegible] Sunday School at 1 p. m. Services on [illegible] Sunday at Smethport and Clarendon.

[illegible] Services at Kane's Corners school house, [illegible] Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday School [illegible] p. m. Preaching at 1:30 p. m. of Rev. [illegible] Taylor.

[illegible]—REV. W. BURROWS, Pastor, [illegible] every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 [illegible] Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class [illegible] 12 m. and after evening preaching. [illegible] Men's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All [illegible] invited.

[illegible] Church—J. H. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.; Sunday School [illegible] p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evening. [illegible] are invited.

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Well supplied Bar.
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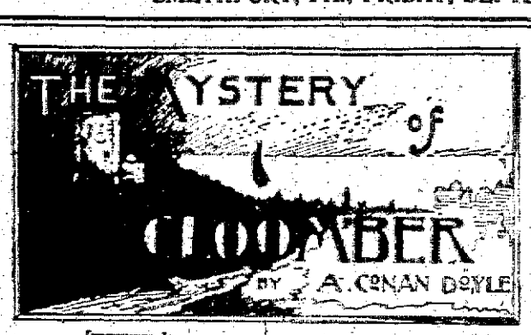

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.
AT THE HOLE OF CREE.

It was dark enough when we started to make it no easy matter to find our way across the moors, but as we advanced it grew lighter and lighter, and by the time we reached Fullarton's cabin it was broad daylight. Early as it was, he was up and about, for the Wigtown peasants are an early rising race. We explained our mission to him in as few words as possible, and having made his bargain—what Scot ever neglected that preliminary?—he agreed not only to let us have the use of his dog but to come with us himself. Mordaunt, in his desire for privacy, would have demurred at this arrangement, but I pointed out to him that we had no idea what was in store for us, and the addition of a strong, able-bodied man to our party might prove to be of the utmost consequence. Again, the dog was less likely to give us trouble if we had its master to control it. My arguments carried the day, and the biped accompanied us as well as his four-footed companion.

There was some little similarity between the two, for the man was a tawny-headed fellow with a great mop of yellow hair and a straggling beard, while the dog was of the long-haired, unkempt breed looking like an animated bundle of oakum. All our way to the Hall its owner kept retailing instances of the creature's sagacity and powers of scent, which, according to his account, were little less than miraculous. His anecdotes had a poor audience, I fear, for my mind was filled with the strange story which I had been reading, while Mordaunt strode on with wild eyes and feverish cheeks, without a thought for anything but the problem which we had to solve. Again and again as we topped an eminence I saw him look eagerly round him in the faint hope of seeing some trace of the absentee, but over the whole expanse of moorland there was no sign of movement or of life. All was dead and silent and deserted.

Our visit to the Hall was a very brief one, for every minute now was of importance. Mordaunt rushed in and emerged with an old coat of his father's, which he handed to Fullarton, who held it out to the dog. The intelligent brute sniffed at it all over, then ran whining a little way down the avenue, came back to sniff the coat again, and finally elevating its stump of a tail in triumph, uttered a succession of sharp yelps to show that it was satisfied that it had struck the trail. Its owner tied a long cord to its collar to prevent it from going too fast for us, and we all set off upon our search, the dog tugging and straining at its leash in its excitement as it followed in the general's footsteps.

Our way lay for a couple of hundred yards along the highroad, and then passed through a gap in the hedge and on to the moor, across which we were led in a bee-line to the northward. The sun had by this time risen above the horizon, and the whole countryside looked so fresh and sweet, from the blue, sparkling sea to the purple mountains, that it was difficult to realize how weird and uncanny was the enterprise upon which we were engaged.

The scent must have laid strongly upon the ground, for the dog never hesitated nor stopped, dragging its master along at a pace which rendered conversation impossible. At one place, in crossing a small stream, we seamed to get off the trail for a few minutes, but our keen-nosed ally soon picked it up upon the other side and followed it over the trackless moor, whining and yelping all the time in its eagerness. Had we not all three been fleet of foot and long of wind we could not have persisted in the continuous, rapid journey over the roughest of ground, with the heather often well-nigh up to our waists.

For my own part, I have no idea now, looking back, what goal it was which I expected to reach at the end of our pursuit. I can remember that my mind was full of the vaguest and most varying speculations. Could it be that the three Buddhists had had a craft in readiness off the coast, and had embarked with their prisoners for the East? The direction of their track seemed at first to favor this supposition, for it lay in the line of the upper end of the bay, but it ended by branching off and striking directly inland. Clearly the ocean was not to be our terminus.

By ten o'clock we had walked close upon twelve miles, and were compelled to call a halt for a few minutes to recover our breath, for the last mile or two we had been breasting the long, wearying slope of the Wigtown hills. From the summit of this range, which is nowhere more than a thousand feet in height, we could see, looking northward, such a scene of bleakness and desolation as can hardly be matched in any country. Right away to the horizon stretched the broad expanse of mud and water, mingled and mixed together in the wildest chaos, like a portion of some world in the process of formation. Here and there on the dun-colored surface of this great marsh there had burst out patches of sickly yellow reeds and of livid grayish scum, which only served to heighten and intensify the gloomy effect of the dull, melancholy expanse. On the side nearest to us some abandoned peat cuttings showed that ubiquitous man had been at work there, but beyond these few petty scars there was no sign anywhere of human life. Not even a crow or a seagull flapped their way over that hideous desert.

This is the great bog of Cree, which may be seen in the maps to extend over a considerable surface of the shire of Wigtown. It is a salt-water marsh formed by an inroad of the sea, and so intersected in it with dangerous swamps and treacherous pitfalls of liquid mud, that no man would venture through it unless he had the guidance of one of the few peasants who retain the secret of its paths. As we approached the fringe of rushes which marked its border a foul dank smell rose up from the stagnant wilderness, as from impure water and decaying vegetation—an earthly, noisome smell which inflamed the fresh animal air. So forbidding and gloomy was the aspect of the place that our stout crofter hesitated, and it was all that we could do to persuade him to proceed. Our brother, however, not being subjected to the delicate impressions of our higher organizations, still ran yelping along with its nose on the ground and every fibre of its body quivering with excitement and eagerness.

There was no difficulty about picking our way through the morass, for wherever the dog could go we three could follow. If we could have had any doubts as to our dog's guidance they would all have been removed now, for in the soft, black oozing soil we could distinctly trace the tracks of the whole party. From these we could see that they had walked abreast, and, furthermore, that each was about equidistant from the other. Clearly, then, no physical force had been used in taking the general and his companion along. The compulsion had been psychical and not material.

Once within the swamp we had to be careful not to deviate from the narrow track, which offered a firm foothold. On each side lay shallow sheets of stagnant water overlying a treacherous bottom of semifluid mud, which rose above the surface here and there in moist, sweltering banks, mottled over with occasional patches of unhealthy vegetation. Great purple and yellow fungi had broken out in a dacay eruption, as though Nature were afflicted with a foul disease, which manifested itself by this crop of plaguy spots. Here and there dark, crab-like creatures scuttled across our path and hideous flesh-colored worms wriggled and writhed amid the sickly reeds. Swarms of buzzing piping insects rose up at every step and formed a dense cloud around our heads, settling on our hands and faces and inoculating us with their filthy venom. Never had I ventured into so pestilent and forbidding a place. Mordaunt Heatherstone struggled on, however, with a set purpose upon his swarthy brow, and we could but follow him, determined to stand by him to the end of the adventure.

As we advanced the path grew narrower and narrower until, as we saw by the tracks, our predecessors had been compelled to walk in single file. Fullarton was leading us with the dog, Mordaunt behind him, while I brought up the rear. The peasant had been silky and surly for a little time back, hardly answering when spoken to, but he now stopped short and positively refused to go a step farther.

"It's no canny," he said; "besides, I dee ken where it will lead us tae!"

"Where, then?" I asked.

"Tae the Hole o' Cree," he answered. "It's no far frae here I'm thinking."

"The Hole of Cree! What is that, then?"

"It's a great quickle hole in the ground that gangs awa' doun so deep that nabody could ever reach the bottom. Indeed there are folk wha say that it's just a door leadin' intae the bottomless pit itsel'."

"You have been there then?" I asked.

"Been there!" he cried. "What would I be doin' at the Hole o' Cree? No, I've never been there, nor any other man in his senses."

"How do you know about it, then?"

"My great grandfeyther had been there, and that's how I ken," Fullarton answered. "He was fou' one Saturday nicht and he went for a bet. He didna like the tale about it afterward, and he wouldna' tell a' what befell him, but he was aye feared o' the very name. He's the first Fullarton that's been at the Hole o' Cree, and he'll be the last for me. If ye'll tak' my advice ye'll just gie the matter up and gang hame again, for there's no guid tae be got oot o' this place."

"We shall go on with you or without you," Mordaunt answered. "Let us have your dog and we can pick you up on our way back."

"Na, na," he cried; "I'll no hae my dog scared wi' bogles and running down Ard Nick as if he were a hare. The dog shall bide wi' me."

"The dog shall go with us," said my companion, with his eyes blazing. "We have no time to argue with you. Here's a five-pound note. Let us have the dog, or, by heaven, I shall take it by force and throw you in the bog if you hinder us."

I could realise the Heatherstone of forty years ago when I saw the fierce and sudden wrath which lit up the features of his son.

Either the bribe or the threat had the desired effect; for the fellow grabbed at the money with one hand while with the other he surrendered the leash which held the hound. Leaving him to retrace his steps, we continued to make our way into the utmost recesses of the great swamp. The tortuous path grew less and less defined as we proceeded, and was even covered in places with water, but the increasing excitement of the hound and the sight of the deep footmarks in the mud, stimulated us to push on. At last, after struggling through a grove of high bulrushes, we came on a spot the gloomy horror of which might have furnished Dante with a fresh terror for his Inferno.

The whole bog in this part appeared to have sunk in, forming a great funnel-shaped depression, which terminated in the centre in a circular rift or opening about forty paces in diameter. It was a whirlpool—a perfect maelstrom of mud, sloping down on every side to this silent and awful chasm. Clearly this was the spot which, under the name of the Hole of Cree, bore such a sinister reputation among the natives. I could not wonder at its impressing their imagination, for a more weird or gloomy scene, or one more worthy of the strange which led to it could not be conceived. The steps sloped down the declivity which surrounded the abyss, and we followed them with a shrinking feeling in our hearts as we realised that this was the end of our search. A little way from the foreward path was the broad trail made by the feet of those who had come back from the treacherous edge. Our eyes fell upon these tracks at the same moment, and we each gave a cry of horror, and stood gazing speechless at them. For there, in these blurred footmarks, the whole drama was revealed. Five had gone down but only three had returned.

None shall ever know the details of that strange tragedy. There was no marks of struggle or attempt at escape. We smelt at the edge of the Hole and endeavored to pierce the unfathomable gloom which shrouded it. A faint, sickly exhalation seemed to rise from its depths, and there was a distant hurrying, clattering sound as of waters in the bowels of the earth. A great stone (as embedded in the mud, and this I hurled over, but we never heard thud or splash to show that it had reached the bottom. As we hung over the noisome chasm a sound did at last rise to our ears out of its murky depths. High, clear, and throbbing, it tinkled for an instant out of the abyss, to be succeeded by the same deadly stillness which had preceded it. I do not wish to appear to be superstitious, or to put down to extraordinary causes that which may have a natural explanation. That one keen note may have been some strange water sound produced far down in the bowels of the earth. It may have been that or it may have been that sinister bell of which I had heard so much. Be this as it may, it was the only sign that rose to us from the last terrible resting-place of the two who had paid the debt which had so long been owing.

We joined our voices in a call with the unreasoning obstinacy with which men will cling to hope, but no answer came back to us save a thousand hollow reverberations from the depths beneath. Footsore and heartsick, we retraced our steps and climbed the slimy slope once more.

"What shall we do, Mordaunt?" I asked, in a subdued voice. "We can but pray that their souls may rest in peace."

Young Heatherstone looked at me with flashing eyes. "This may be all according to occult laws," he cried, "but we shall see what the laws of England have to say upon it. I suppose a chain may be hanged as well as any other man. It may not be too late yet to run them down. Here, good dog, good dog—here!" He pulled the hound over and set it on the track of the three men. The creature sniffed at it once or twice, and then, falling upon his stomach, with bristling hair and protruding tongue, it lay shivering and trembling, a very embodiment of canine terror.

"You see," I said, "it is no use contending against those who have powers at their command which we cannot even give a name to. There is nothing for it but to accept the inevitable, and to hope that those poor men may meet with some compensation in another world for all that they have suffered in this."

"And be free from all devilish religions and their murderous worship!" Mordaunt cried furiously.

Justice compelled me to acknowledge in my own heart that the murderous spirit had been set on foot by the Christian before it was taken up by the Buddhists, but I forebore to remark upon it for fear of irritating my companion. For a long time I could not draw him away from the scene of his father's death, but at last, by repeated arguments and remonstrings, I succeeded in making him realize how useless and unprofitable any further efforts on our part must necessarily prove, and in inducing him to return with me to Cloomber. Oh! the wearisome, tedious journey! It had seemed long enough when we had some slight flickering of hope, or at least of expectation, before us, but now that our worst fears were fulfilled it appeared interminable. We picked up our peasant guide at the outskirts of the marsh, and having restored his dog we let him find his own way home, without telling him anything of the results of our expedition. We ourselves plodded all day over the moors with heavy feet and heavier hearts until we saw the lugubrious tower of Cloomber, and at last, as the sun was setting, found ourselves once more beneath its roof.

There is no need for me to enter into further details, or to describe the grief which our tidings conveyed to mother and to daughter. Their long expectation of some calamity was not sufficient to prepare them for the terrible reality. For weeks my poor Gabriel hovered between life and death, and though she came round at last, thanks to the nursing of my sister and the professional skill of Dr. John Easterling, of Stranraer, she has never to this day entirely recovered her former vigor. Mordaunt, too, suffered much for some time, and it was only after our removal to Edinburgh that he rallied from the shock which he had undergone. As to poor Mrs. Heatherstone, neither medical attention nor change of air can ever have a permanent effect upon her. Slowly and surely, but very placidly, she has declined in health and strength, until it is evident that in a very few weeks at the most she will have rejoined her husband and restored to him the one thing which he must have grudged to leave behind.

The Laird of Brankesome came home from Italy restored in health, with the result that we were compelled to return once more to Edinburgh. The change was agreeable to us, for recent events had cast a cloud over our country life and had surrounded us with unpleasant associations. Besides, a highly honorable and remunerative appointment in connection with the University library had become vacant, and had, through the kindness of the late Sir Alexander Grant, been offered to my father, who, as may be imagined, lost no time in accepting so congenial a post. In this way we came back to Edinburgh very much more important people than we left it, and with no further reason to be uneasy about the details of housekeeping. But, in truth, the whole household has been dissolved, for I have been married for some months to my dear Gabriel, and Esther is to become Mrs. Heatherstone upon the 23d of the month. If she makes him as good a wife as his sister has made to me, we may both set ourselves down as fortunate men.

These mere domestic episodes are, as I have already explained, introduced only because I cannot avoid alluding to them. My object in drawing up this statement and publishing the evidence which corroborates it, was certainly not to parade my private affairs before the public, but to leave on record an authentic narrative of a most remarkable series of events. This I have endeavored to do in as methodical a manner as possible, exaggerating nothing and suppressing nothing. The reader has now the evidence before him and can form his own opinions unaided by me as to the causes of the disappearance and death of Rufus Smith and of John Heather Heatherstone, V. C., C. B.

There is only one point which is still dark to me. Why the citizens of Cloomb which should have removed their vic[illegible] time to the desolate Hole of Cree instead of taking their lives at Cloomber, is, I confess, a mystery to me. In dealing with occult laws, however, we must allow for our own complete ignorance of the subject. Did we know more we might see that there was some analogy between that foul bog and the sacrilege which had been committed, and that their ritual and customs demanded that just such a death was the one appropriate to the crime. On this point I should be sorry to be dogmatic, but at least we must allow that the Buddhist priests must have had some very good cause for the course of action which they so deliberately carried out.

Months afterward I saw a short paragraph in the Star of India announcing that three eminent Buddhists—La Hoomi, Mowdar Khan and Ram Singh—had just returned in the steamship Deccan from a short trip to Europe. The very next item was devoted to an account of the life and services of Major-General Heatherstone, "who has lately disappeared from his country house in Wigtownshire, and who, there is too much reason to fear, has been drowned." I wondered if by chance there was any other human eye but mine which traced a connection between these paragraphs. I never showed them to my wife or to Mordaunt, and they will only know of their existence when they read these pages.

I don't know that there is any other point which needs clearing up. The intelligent reader will have already seen the reasons for the general's fear of dark faces, of wandering men (not knowing how his pursuers might come after him), of visitors (from the same cause and because his hateful bell was liable to sound at all times). His broken sleep led him to wander about the house at night, and the lamps which he burned in every room were no doubt to prevent his imagination from peopling the darkness with terrors. Lastly, his elaborate precautions were, as he has himself explained, rather the result of a feverish desire to do something than in the expectation that he could really ward off his fate.

Science will tell you that there are no such powers as those claimed by the Eastern mystics. I, James Fotheringill West, can confidently answer that science is wrong, and invite the readers attention to a pithy, if disrespectful aphorism of Baron Hellenbach. For what is science? Science is the concensus of opinion of scientific men, and history has shown that it is slow to accept a truth. Science sneered at Newton for twenty years. Science proved mathematically that an iron ship could not swim, and science declared that a steamship could not cross the Atlantic. Like Goethe's Mephistopheles, our wise professor's forte is to "stets verneinen." Thomas Didymus is, to use his own jargon, his prototype. Let him learn that if he will but cease to believe in the infallibility of his own methods, and will look to the East, from which all great movements come, he will find there a school of philosophers and of savants who, working on different lines to his own, are many thousand years ahead of him in all the essentials of knowledge.

THE OCCULT PHILOSOPHY.
ADDENDUM.
BY MR. MORDAUNT HEATHERSTONE.

I have just looked over the proof sheets of my good friend's account of the events which led up to the death of my father, and I am able to indorse it on every point—save, indeed, that he lays too little stress on the kindness and devotion which he displayed himself throughout. I have asked him, however, before sending his proofs finally to the press, to add a few words upon these Indian occults, of whom so little is known. In this appendix form, any reader is at liberty to neglect it; but should he be interested in the subject, I have endeavored to collect a little information for him.

The Eastern adepts exist at present principally in the north of India and in Thibet, though in former days it is probable that their organization was much more widespread. Under the various names of the Egyptian priests, Chaldean, Magi, Essenes, Gnostics, Theurgic Neo-Platonists, and Seers, we catch glimpses of them throughout history. They form the closest and most important secret society which has ever been organized—a society to which any suitable man may gain admission, but which is girt round with such physical terrors, so much bodily privation and discipline, that few have the courage and hardihood to persevere to the end. Those who are earnest and resolute enough to attain full initiation have, however their full reward for all that they have gone through, for they attain such knowledge and such powers as raise them far above the ruck of mankind.

The knowledge of the occult philosophers is both physical and metaphysical, but it is to the latter branch, and especially to the human soul and its destiny, that they have devoted most attention. Their physical knowledge, however, and their power of manipulating those secret laws by which nature builds or destroys, are far in excess of anything known to European science. It must be remembered that our own scientific results are the results of a few hundred years, whereas the occult philosophy has been the work of the very cream of humanity, extending over an unbroken period of at least twenty thousand years, during which time every adept has handed down his powers to his initiates exactly as they were handed down to him, or with such additions as his life of study has enabled him to make. Wonderful as are the powers to which these men have attained, they are the first to disclaim any supernatural source for them. They arise entirely from an intimate knowledge of the nature of things and a deep insight into the hidden forces which pervade the universe. The whole race may hope some day to attain the learning which they have already acquired.

One of the first lessons which the occult initiate has to learn is that wisdom is not to be implanted in any mind by the mere process of study and of instruction. The soil must be prepared before this most precious seed can be committed to it. The keenest and most receptive intellect which is the seat also of pride, of avarice, of sensuality, of selfishness or the love of comfort, can never hope to surmount the first of the ordeals which the occult aspirant has to pass. These weeds must all be thoroughly and remorselessly eradicated before the garden can be planted. For seven years the young chela devotes himself to this struggle for the mastery over himself, until, if he be successful, he finds himself pure in mind and body, free from great animal instincts, indifferent to personal comfort, and with all the spiritual part of his nature developed at the expense of the bestial. He is then in a condition to receive the first teachings which will lead him on to the higher path. Many, of course, break down in this preliminary process, and are never deemed worthy of the honor of initiation; but the very essence of the order is that it should be select. In this way the early training comes from within, not from without. To use their own expression, "an adept becomes—he is not made."

And what are the results obtained by this most ancient and stringent school of knowledge? By the very nature of things we outsiders can only have vague ideas of the few which are adapted to our understanding. The little which we know is probably the mere fringe of the subject. Yet they comprise some fairly weighty adjuncts to our stock of facts.

In the first place, they have proved without the shadow of a doubt that man poss

Bellefonte Gazette Weekly

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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FALL OPENING

SATURDAY, Sept. 24th.

MONDAY, Sept. 26th.

With CONDITIONS OF OWNERSHIP which make us masters of the situation, STYLES that are correct and MATERIALS that combine excellence and beauty we inaugurate on the above dates what must prove the most successful business in our history in

LADIES', Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter WRAPS.

We take pleasure in showing our goods. Give us a call.

Our store is generously supplied with new Fall Goods of all kinds.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,

Smethport, Pa.

The Season for Views

is now here. Have this work done when the foliage is prettiest. That time is now.

Still headquarters for fine photographs.

The Latest Improved Graphophone

is here. Come to the studio and hear it. If you want one I have the agency.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

"SHOES."

We will send to any responsible person SHOES to select from. We have everything in

Fine Shoes

in style and quality that cannot be purchased in any small town. We make a specialty of FINE SHOES, every width and size.

BURT & PACKARD'S Korrect Shape Shoes for Men. We refer you to our many customers in Smethport.

R. W. Blodgworth & Co.,

Olean, N. Y.

Glass Workers Attention!

You may not know the brand of the manufacturer, but ask any dealer in Smethport how the A MERICAN GENTLEMAN 10 cent cigar do in his estimation. Try one and you will for yourself. For sale by all dealers in Smethport and vicinity. No artificial flavors used. Nothing but the pure quill.

The McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, SEPT. 23, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

The Anarchist.

"Tell me what has happened?"
Spake Austria's dying Queen;
For from his hand Luccheni
Had drawn the blade unseen.
The wounded world feels keenly,
The fatal blow then given;
And pleads with faith in justice,
The punishment of heaven.

Before such cruel monsters
Fall men of highest worth;
A Garfield and a Lincoln—
The purest of the earth.
A Carnot and Costello,
Are bitten by this snake
Foul anarchist; "were all necks one"—
Pure justice would them break.

The rich may rule with wisdom,
The poor be kindly fed;
Across many rest on honored brows,
On noble, knightly head;
Friends of lowest type are those
Who cut the worthy down.
Ruling well on freedom's soil—
Or wearing jeweled crown.

Greatly grieved, seek not redress
By coward's bloody blade,
Such deeds of grossest infamy
Must go to darkest shade.
The evolution God controls,
Brings all things to the light;
Prince of Peace would teach the world
That Kingdoms should not fight.

The thrones ordained of heaven
Will stand this bloody deed,
'Tis not the voice of suffering
That makes the kingdoms bleed.
Breathe thy blade, the Master said,
To take the sword is evil;
To use it as Luccheni,
Is plainly of the devil.

—I. T. W.

—Read J. Colegrove's bargain day announcement.

—A. E. Stickles has another interesting ad this week.

—There are 264 pupils in attendance at the borough schools.

—Mrs. P. H. Smith of East Smethport is over to Olean to-day.

—The regular term of criminal court commences Monday, October 3.

—Miss Nettie Hamlin is suffering from a sprained ankle, but is improving.

—F. S. Baker finished the work on the new glass works at Hazelhurst last Saturday.

—There are three hundred and eight Bucktails remaining, scattered over 20 states.

—Note change in the American Gentleman cigar advertisement at the head of these columns.

—Mrs. J. C. Backus has repaired the walk and large platform in front of her residence and Backus hall.

—The store of Messrs. H. W. Rubin & Co. Will be closed from Monday morning until Tuesday morning, it being the Jewish Atonement.

—W. E. Garrity of Bradford has been lodged in castle Davis for attempted criminal assault upon Mrs. Emma Hicks of the same city.

—R. C. Glanton has received several new records for his graphophone which are fine. He informs us that he has ordered a new graphophone.

—Miss Agnes McCoy will sing at the June Reed concert next Monday evening. Prof. Cheney of Olean will render a violin solo and will play a duet with Miss Reed.

—Note the change in the advertisement of D. M. Brasted. He informs us that he is making fine bread and especially nice rising bread. He aims to sell on him when in need of flour, etc.

—Don't fail to read advertisement of F. G. Lindholm & Co. announcing fall opening for Saturday and Monday, Sept. 24 and 26.

—Herman Sasse has been busy for several days painting the window casings and cornices of the Grand Central. It makes a great improvement.

—During the past year 13,733 G. A. R. veterans passed over the divide. They are fast passing away and most of those who remain are becoming infirm.

—The Bradford-Kane football game which took place on the Washington street grounds in the first named city resulted in a score of 33 to 0 in Bradford's favor.

—R. Seger & Son had a grand opening Tuesday night. The Mandolin and Guitar club furnished some fine music and a large crowd was in attendance all the evening.

—Miss Winnie Davis, better known as "The Daughter of the Confederacy," died at Narragansett Pier, R. I., last Sunday, from malarial gastritis. She was born at Richmond, Va., in 1863.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday evening the choir will sing Gounod's "Gallia." Miss June Reed, the noted violinist, will accompany the organ in a selection at the offertory.

—Be sure and take your dinner and supper in the basement of the court house Tuesday, October 4. The members of the W. C. T. U. will be "At Home" to receive you and wait on you.

—The Prohibition posters announcing Swallow's arrival in McKean county refer to him as "the Keystone Dewey." The Republican voters of the old Keystone want Dewey thing but know him under on November 8.

—C. E. Henry & Co., who have recently opened a cigar and tobacco store in the Nash building, have a new advertisement in this issue of the MINER. Their cigars and tobacco are fine and their Pittsburg stogies are "out of sight."

—L. Emery, Jr., & Co. have a change in their advertisement this week. Their stock is the most complete of any mercantile house in the county, and they have earned a wide reputation for saving money to their customers.

—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Alice, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, to Mr. James Franklyn Olmstead of Binghamton, N. Y., which will occur at St. Luke's church on Wednesday, October 5.

—Last Thursday while Sheriff Davis was driving to Gardeau he saw a large rattler lying in the road. His horse was nervous, but he finally succeeded in killing the snake, but unfortunately smashed the rattles much to his regret.

—To show the veneration and love the Rough Riders have for Teddy Roosevelt the following quotation from a private letter from one of the troopers is given: "I love him so much that I would be willing to be crucified for him."

—In spite of the fact that the Democratic campaign was opened in Bradford last week McKean county remains on the map and citizens continue to take their rations, and will roll up a good-sized Republican majority on the 8th of November.

—The "Little Orderly" in his annual report of the Bucktails' visit to our beautiful town says: "The girls of Smethport know the road to one place—the bakery." He might have added the boys as well. *They generally follow the girls'* lead.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 17, 1898: Mrs. Hattie Berce (2), Edw. L. Fulkrod, W. F. Martin, H. Prothero, Mrs. Kate Phelan. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—In one of the string quartette numbers Miss June Reed bore the leading part, the gifted young lady whose finished solo playing has of late so captivated our most fastidious artists and exacting critics.—John S. Van Cleve in Cincinnati Inquirer.

—The violinist, Miss Reed, proved a real surprise, showing an excellent technique and an unusually beautiful and large tone. We do not hesitate to pronounce her one of the best lady violinists heard in New York for many years.—Nordiske Tidends.

—Ben Kessler was put in the cooler Saturday for indecent exposure. In the evening he was brought before Burgess Hogarth and fined ten dollars and costs. This is right and proper. Give a few more of these jays a lesson of this kind and it will have a telling effect for the better.

—Last Monday Mrs. A. E. Taylor, who for two years has suffered with paralysis, received another stroke. She is seventy years of age and it is doubtful if she can survive this shock. Her relatives and friends are constantly at her bedside doing all in their power to alleviate her suffering.

—Squire Galusia, an aged resident of Barden Brook, near Eldred, died of heart failure on Thursday night of last week, aged 68 years. He settled on the farm on which he resided when stricken down about 25 years ago. A wife and a large family of sons and daughters mourn his departure.

—Tracey Smith, who formerly resided at Campbell, about a mile from Mt. Jewett, was arrested at Straights for non support and brought before Squire B. L. Knapp last Monday. He gave bonds to furnish $3.50 per week for the support of his children. The matter was settled without trial.

—Mrs. Ada Cable assumed charge of the Bradford Sunday Herald last week and the first issue under her able management shows her to be a woman of marked ability. Politically the Herald will be independent. The MINER welcomes her to the new field and hopes that success will crown her efforts.

—A patent medicine man was in town Wednesday night and Thursday morning whose rig attracted considerable attention. On his team sat a pair of monkeys dressed in red jackets. These little pets rode the horses like experienced cavalry men and were the recipients of candy, apples, peanuts and such delicacies.

—Gifford's mill shut down last Monday afternoon, having cut the entire stock in the stream. This mill for a great many years has furnished employment for a large number of hands. It is to be hoped that this shut-down is not final, but that more stock will be secured to keep it running for a long time in the future.

—The MINER extends an invitation to Chet King and other residents of Port Allegany to come over and visit us. Considering the fact that Port Allegany people are excluded from visiting the interior of the Appert glass plant, located on the Davis farm, they undoubtedly have some curiosity to know how glass is manufactured.

—There are new freaks turning up every day. Bill Williams, of Georgia, has written a letter to Gov. Atkinson of that State and asks that he be ordered hanged. He says: "My life is no pleasure to me, and I would like for you to have me hanged and give my body to the doctors. I can't use anything but death, and the sooner the better."

—In the second number, "Legends," by Wieniawski, Miss June Reed made her debut as a violinist here. Her playing has a tenderness and pathos that speaks nowhere so clearly as in the violin and has also an admirable facility.—Los Angeles Times. At the Swedish church on Fulton street next Monday evening.

—The Mt. Jewett News issued a souvenir edition of twelve pages last week, finely illustrated with half-tone cuts of the prominent business men and noted industries in and near that busy town. Mr. Hubbard is to be congratulated on the enterprise he has displayed in presenting the advantages of Mt. Jewett and vicinity.

—The Genesee Conference of the M. E. church will convene in Rochester, N. Y., on October 12th. There are about 300 ministers in the conference. Bishop C. D. Foss, LL. D., will preside. There will not be many changes in the conference. A new Presiding Elder will be appointed by the Bishop for the Olean District.

—Prof. F. Cheney, violinist; Mr. Chas. Pickett, tenor; Miss Grace Bartwell, pianist, and Miss Agnes McCoy, soprano, will appear in the concert on next Monday evening. This concert will be an event to be remembered, having two such violin artists as Miss June Reed and Prof. Cheney, who are known throughout the country.

—Marriage licenses granted: Peter E. Peterson and Ida Nelson, Bradford; Michael A. Higgins and Elizabeth Irvin, Bradford; T. M. Ryan and Margaret Short, Mt. Alton; Eugene F. Jackson and Clara M. Rogers, Bradford; W. H. Smith, Williamsport, and Ella E. Barseby, Port Allegany; Charles Wallace, Hutchins, and Sylvia M. Northrup, Bradford; Sam W. Bedell and Lena M. Bachmer, Bradford.

—Last Friday night as the B., B. & K. train was coming through the rock cut on the mountain this side of Ormsby, Henry Hallman felt his hat raise from his head and his hair stand on end by the sudden appearance of a large black bear at the side of the engine. The engine was coming down around the sharp curve while Bruin was going up and for a moment his bearship was too much surprised to know which way to turn, but finally escaped up the bank, much to Mr. Hallman's satisfaction.

—Mr. John Forrest for several days has had workmen employed in building a walk for St. Luke's church. He sent to Bedford, Ind., and purchased flags sawed from the Indiana limestone three inches in thickness and four by five feet in size. The foundation is made of coal cinders. There will be 225 feet of walk, including the approaches to the church, and when completed will be one of the finest and most substantial walks to be found in this section. D. E. Hibbard of Bradford is building the walk.

—If you would know how truthful a man is just let him go fishing. If he tells you all about the fish he didn't catch, there is some chance of his telling the truth. If he tells you about the fish he caught, you must be governed by your own conclusions—fish lying, like small pox, is contagious.—Bradford Star. If you desire to hear a truthful fish story just come over and hear our own "Izaak Walton," Sheriff Davis, tell you how many fish he didn't catch. He will do it every time, and no one ever questions his assertions.

—The statement that General Hampton lost a leg in the war reminds us of a little story, says the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser. In the days before the war there was a hotel on top of Stone Mountain, in Georgia, and the water for the use of the guests was raised by a force-pump from below. A Northern traveler who knew something of the use of hydraulic rams accosted the landlord with: "This is fine water, landlord; is it raised by a ram?" "Ram h—l!" snorted the landlord; "it's a durned big mule!" And that's the way Wade Hampton lost a leg.

—There will be held quarterly meeting services in the M. E. church next Sunday, Sept. 25. The Love Feast to be held at 9:30 a. m. The Holy Eucharist will be administered at 10:30 a. m. The pastor will deliver a brief address. Church letters will be received at that time. In the evening at 7:30 Dr. Walker will preach a sermon on the following subject: "Law and Love; or King Solomon at his Best." Rev. Dr. E. H. Latimer, the Presiding Elder, will preside at the Quarterly Conference on Monday at 1:30 p. m.

—The MINER man in conversing with a large number of traveling salesmen within the last three weeks has learned that times are rapidly improving. Sales have largely increased and collections are much easier. In conversation last Wednesday with a salesman of many years' experience, he stated that the business outlook was very encouraging and much to his surprise last week he had collected four quite large bills that had been put off from time to time until his firm had virtually given up hopes of ever collecting any of them.

—Miss June Reed, the noted violinist, who is to play in a concert under the auspices of St. Luke's choir at the Swedish church on Fulton street next Monday evening, is the subject of a column illustrated article in the New York Herald of Sunday, Sept. 11. The sketch tells how Miss Reed has been devoting much time to the entertainment of children and sick persons in institutions in the city and making her art the handmaiden of philanthropy. Miss Reed is a firm believer in the curative power of music. Miss Reed possesses rare genius for her chosen instrument.

—The Bucktails who visit Kennett Square this year had better supply themselves with baby carriages, rattles, soothing syrup and all other articles usually found in a house presided over by a new baby. Listen to the following taken from the "Little Orderly's" minutes: "The assistant cook is promised help. An aide-de-camp has made his appearance in the person of John Harrison Gibson—a Bucktail with a yell that can knock the celebrated war cry of the 'Johnnies' into a cocked hat." Bucktails, you have been given fair warning. Do not go empty handed, but make ample provision to meet every emergency.

—A very pleasant surprise was given to Col. R. E. Morrison yesterday morning just before his departure. He was invited into the parlor of the Grand Central where he found quite a gathering of Smethport's citizens. When seated the president of the Board of Trade, F. W. Brownell, in a brief but earnest and feeling speech presented Col. Morrison with a beautiful gold-mounted ebony cane, on which was inscribed, "Col. R. E. Morrison, Presented by the citizens of Smethport," and the date Sept. 22, 1898, being the date of the opening of the glass works. The Col. was taken completely by surprise, but like the true soldier that he is he responded to the token in beautiful terms and said he never would forget the many acts of kindness that had been showered upon him while sojourning here, and that he would do all in his power to advance the interest of our town. Col. Morrison left for Indiana yesterday with the best wishes of all who possessed his acquaintance here. May his home always fall in pleasant places.

—Chauncey Bigart has a badly swollen nose and Harry Kennedy a wrenched shoulder as a result of Saturday's football practice. Half Back Dodge has a sore foot and John Lavens, it is predicted, cannot give his time to football this season and will be out of the game. Guard Purcell will no doubt get into the game when the Mechanic street party is polished.—Monday's Star. Now is the time for the Smethport team to take a fall out of the Bradford mud wallowers. While Coach Stuart is carrying his nose in a sling and several more of the players are disabled would be a most auspicious opportunity.

—Last Monday Chester Dibble and Frank Rumsey of North Fork, Potter county, were in town looking for a stolen horse which they found in the possession of William Swartz of Farmers Valley. The horse was stolen from Mr. Ramsey August 8. Three days later a map came to Mr. Swartz and exchanged horses, Mr. Swartz giving $12 to boot. The man who brought the horse is well known and will soon be in the hands of the sheriff. Mr. Leonard who farnishes in castle Davis is identified with this gang of horse thieves. By the way, this same Leonard seems to be a much married man. No less than three women claim the right to call him husband.

—To show the schemes that the Klondike transportation companies work to draw the prospectors into that frozen region the following was told the MINER man last Friday and can be put down as reliable. A gentleman who had just returned from there stated that one poor man, who had not a cent to pay his passage, was taken on board the vessel and peeled potatoes and performed other scullery work while making the trip to in part pay his passage. When the steamer arrived in port the steamship company made out a list of the passengers, and how much gold dust each had brought back, and in the list appeared the name of this potato husker as having brought back $30,000 worth of dust. Keep away from Klondike.

—A week ago last Sunday morning two strangers in a buggy, driving a white horse, passed the farm of Casper Smith, near Farmers Valley. They deliberately got out of their buggy and walked into the pasture, tied a rope to one of Mr. Smith's cows and drove away. The cow was missed that night, but very little search was made as it was supposed that she had strayed from the pasture. It was not until Wednesday that Mr. Smith fully realized that his cow had been stolen when he learned that the above two men had been seen passing Farmers Valley on the Sunday before. No trace has been found of the missing animal. It is certainly time that an officer was employed to ferret out these horse and cattle thieves.

—The clergy attending the Convocation last week were greatly delighted with their visit to our town and many of them since their return home have written to repeat their great satisfaction and pleasure in attending the services at St. Luke's and their appreciation and enjoyment of the hospitality shown them, and in the reception arranged for them at Mrs. T. A. Morrison's, which in its way was a feature of the Convocation not often met with at meetings in other places. A large number of our people accepted the general invitation to the reception, given at St. Luke's the Sunday previous, and had the pleasure of meeting the bishop and clergy and other visitors. Elegant refreshments were served and a most delightful evening enjoyed by all who were present.

—Yesterday morning when the whistle at the new glass plant sounded at 7 o'clock those who were up and could possibly spare the time wended their way in the direction of the sound. The blowers, gatherers and snappers were all in their places, consisting of ten of each crew, besides other helpers. The large glass tubes were soon coming out of the furnace in great numbers. It seems almost incredible that these men can endure the intense heat, but they do and no grumbling is heard. The Messrs. Camp were right among their men working like beavers. The president of the company, George Camp and Thomas Camp, the treasurer, were right at the heated furnaces turning out immense tubes of glass. This is most gratifying and speaks well for the success of the undertaking. There are no high-salaried officers and no drones in this busy hive, but every one a bread winner. There will be over one hundred men when the plant gets to running full force. The MINER wishes to congratulate the Board of Trade, the Messrs. Camp and our efficient who have worked so energetically for this industry.

—It is reported that a couple of young ladies in town were buncoed out of ten dollars on Monday of this week. Two gentlemanly-appearing fellows were about town looking for persons whom they could appoint as agents for some book. They approached one young lady with the offer of a liberal salary if she would take an agency for the book. A contract was signed and the lady was obliged to give $5 for incidental expenses. They wanted another agent or two, so the young lady suggested a friend who also paid in the necessary $5. The man who received the money left town immediately afterwards, and the other man remained a short time and then was also among the missing. Maybe the young ladies will get the positions which their contracts call for, but the chances appear against this consummation. At all events they are liable to have less confidence in mankind hereafter.—Westfield Free Press. The same game was worked here last Saturday and one young lady is out $5. The other young lady refused to bite and an officer was sent to the depot to intercept the swindler, but the fellow escaped. Other towns are warned to be on the lookout for these sharpers.

Notice to Patrons.

Mr. Dunn's time having been occupied in getting the new gas line ready for the glass plant, he has been unable to make his collections. We would kindly ask you to call at the store of W. D. Gallup or send check this week and settle the same and get your discount.

Smethport Gas Company,
Sept. 22, 1898. W. D. Gallup, Secy.

For Sale.

A fine residence in Smethport, within 3 minutes' walk of the court house; gas, water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

More than twenty million free samples of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve have been distributed by the manufacturers. What better proof of their confidence in its merits do you want? It cures piles, burns, scalds, sores in the shortest space of time. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Mrs. Lucas has started dressmaking for the fall season in the upstairs rooms of Mr. Sturdivant's house, corner King and Union streets.

R. Seger & Son wish to call particular attention to their fine line of ladies' collars and cuffs.

Do you travel? Go to Lenimaker's and see his line of trunks, telescopes, suit cases and traveling bags.

Neckwear in all colors and shapes at R. Seger & Son's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. Bowen visited Warren Monday.

Mrs. W. E. Gibson visited Olean Tuesday.

Miss Tyler visited Bradford friends Monday.

Miss Moon visited Bradford friends Monday.

Atty. Sheehan transacted business in Bradford Tuesday.

Sheriff J. F. Davis transacted business in Kane Monday.

Deputy Sheriff W. B. Clarke was in Gallagher Monday.

Miss Harriet Redfield visited Bradford friends Tuesday.

T. H. Morrison returned to Williams College last Friday.

H. L. Burlingame transacted business in Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

Comrade Wright was taking in the sights of Olean last Friday.

Mrs. E. F. Waller of Eldred was visiting friends here recently.

T. F. Richmond was transacting business in Bradford Monday.

F. G. Lindholm returned from a business visit to Buffalo Friday.

Capt. E. R. Mayo attended court at Ridgway the first of the week.

Misses Holcomb and Ames and Mr. Shaw drove to Mt. Alton Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grinard visited Batavia, N. Y., last Saturday.

Mrs. D. L. Knapp visited her son, Ross, at Coudersport last Saturday.

Otto J. Hamlin returned Wednesday from a few days' visit at Geneva, N. Y.

County Commissioner Lemuel Davis spent Sunday with his family in Kane.

Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Miss Lois, visited Buffalo on Monday.

J. H. Tate of Clermont was a welcome visitor in town Wednesday night.

Miss Delia Holcomb is visiting her sister, Mrs. Claude Rice at Eldred, N. Y.

Miss Lydia F. Berlingame is visiting friends in Bradford and Olean this week.

Mrs. Z. F. Richmond returned Tuesday from an extended visit to New York city.

Mrs. James McGuier returned to Buffalo Wednesday where she is receiving medical treatment.

J. M. McIlroy visited Bradford Tuesday. He will soon be permanently located in the oil metropolis.

Mrs. E. L. Keenan returned home yesterday from an extended visit to Philadelphia and the seashore.

The genial Paul Johnston of Harrisburg was a most welcome caller at the MINER office Wednesday.

Mrs. Carrie Reilly returned from Buffalo last Friday where she had been to replenish her stock of millinery.

Rev. Ira Taylor Walker, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, visited Cuba, N. Y., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hengiville returned from Bradford Wednesday morning where they had been visiting friends.

M. O. Campbell of Kane, ex-county superintendent of schools, was greeting his many old friends in town Wednesday.

F. N. Taylor of Youngstown, N. Y., arrived in town early Wednesday morning, called here by the illness of his mother.

Scott Walker of New Castle, bookkeeper at the Camp Glass Works, was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office Wednesday.

W. W. Tadder of Bradford, the "Sherlock Holmes" of McKean county, was a guest at the Grand Central Wednesday night.

C. R. Davis a prominent and influential business man of Mt. Jewett was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Andrews of Granger were brief sojourners in town yesterday while on their return from a bicycle trip to Gardeau.

Mrs. Carrie G. Smith of Bradford is taking the evidence in the hearing before J. W. Beaton, in the assignment of Carter & Co to A. G. Phillips, assignee.

The genial George M. Stover of Pittsburg was a guest at the Wright House Monday night. George is always bubbling over with something new in the story line.

John Hungerford went to Olean Monday to meet Mrs. Hungerford and little Dan, the autocrat of the household, who were returning from a five weeks' visit in New York State.

Geo. W. Mitchell departed for New Baltimore, Ohio, last Saturday, where he is interested in some oil possessions. Mrs. Mitchell accompanied him as far as James town.

Misses Minnie Penfold of Pavilion, N. Y., and Mary Littleton of Newburgh, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bacon who drove to the Kinzua bridge last Sunday to meet them.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. McKean departed yesterday for Detroit, Mich., where they will visit friends. From there they will cross the border and enter the queen's domains for an extended visit.

Miss Pearl F. Bush has been visiting her parents at Turtle Point and also friends at Smethport. She intends returning to Pittsburg this week where she has resided for the past two years.

J. W. Baker of Bradford spent Sunday in town, the guest of his brother, F. S. Baker. On Monday they drove to Port Allegany where John put up the press for Bartle's new paper, the Port Allegany Post.

W. P. Walsh, ex postmaster at Smethport, was a business visitor in town yesterday. He like all others who have not been here in recent years expresses much surprise at the evidence of thrift and prosperity which are manifested on all sides.—Kane Republican.

Roy Gifford departed last Friday for Cleveland where he will resume his studies in Case School of Applied Science. This being his last year the MINER is assured of one fact, that he will graduate with high honors, as he is possessed of great determination and perseverance and is bound to succeed.

Editor W. L. Lillibridge of Port Allegany was an early visitor in town Wednesday. The query in the minds of many Democrats in McKean county is which predominated on Thursday of last week, his political affiliations or his sporting inclinations. Some allege that he attended the firing of the first Democratic gun at Bradford that day and others contend that he attended the ball game at Sistersville. The gentleman is non-committal. All he will say is that he understood there was a large crowd at Bradford and it would be difficult to find anyone. The consensus of opinion is that he attended the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Stone and daughters, Misses Rose and Anna, of Rochester, N. Y., arrived last Sunday and have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong until yesterday. Mr. Stone was a former resident of Smethport fifty years ago when he was united in marriage to a half-sister of Mrs. Armstrong. Mr. Stone when a young man used to work in a saw mill, but for fifty years has not seen one and last Monday was considerably surprised when in company with Mr. Armstrong he visited the mill of Messrs. Gifford and was shown the remarkable changes that had taken place in the manufacture of lumber in a half century.

You invite disappointment when you experiment. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pleasant, easy, thorough, little pills. They cure constipation and sick headache just as sure as you take them. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Ballard's Snow Liniment

Is equally as effective for animals as for the human flesh. As a liniment it has no equal in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. It never fails to cure neuralgia. Sold by Chadwick's Drug Store.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are reliable little pills for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headache. They don't gripe. A. B Armstrong & Co.

To buy a trunk, valise, telescope or suit case go where the largest variety is kept. That place is Lenimaker's.

Messrs. E. C. Henry & Co. are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

Small children's suits in pretty patterns, with waist coats, at R. Seger & Son's.

People troubled with corns and bunions will find relief by calling on Alfred Stuart's.

Examine well those shirt waist suits at R. Seger & Son's.

The MINER and Tribune $1.50.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Mrs. L. Patterson
(Contributor.)

National Superintendent of Press—Miss Alice Ames Winslow.

Note 1. Each superintendent of a National Department should annually solicit through State and Territorial offices to secure in each State and Territory a superintendent with whom she may be in constant correspondence and co-operation for the objects herein set forth. No Department, however, is obligatory upon any State or local union.

Department of Organization—Mrs. Bathsheba Lord Stevenson, superintendent, The Temple, Chicago.

Young Woman's Branch.

General Secretary—Mrs. Ella A. Boole, A. M., W. New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

This department aims to enlist and establish young women and young men in temperance principles by the organization of Young Woman's Christian Temperance Unions and Y Branches, or by inviting them to join the W. C. T. U. Its object is to forward the cause of total abstinence by an organized movement among young people, who are in a measure the social leaders, to establish an equal standard of purity for young women and young men, and to thoroughly arouse the young people of this country, that they may become trained workers in the W. C. T. U., and in the temperance cause generally. In order to accomplish this it is recommended that a Y. secretary be appointed in every State, district, county and local Union, who shall organize Young Women's Unions wherever possible; but in the event only a few names are secured, organize them into a Y. branch. The Y. branch meets with the W. C. T. U., and becomes responsible for at least fifteen minutes of each meeting. Other plans may be secured by writing to the general secretary.

Legal Temperance Legion Branch.

General Secretary—Mrs. Helen G. Rice, 1507 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

This Department aims, by a regular course of study, scientific, ethical and governmental, to make our boys and girls intelligent total abstainers; to develop by thorough organization, business methods and practical helpfulness, an army of disciplined temperance workers and enthusiastic temperance givers; to identify its members through their payment of dues and consequent representation in national and State conventions, and through their drill in department work, with the interests of the W. C. T. U., present and future.

Work Among Foreign Speaking People.

Superintendent, Mrs. Sophia F. Grubb, Chanute, Kansas.

This department aims to interest all those to whom English is not the native tongue, in gospel temperance methods and measures and to influence them through the work of the W. C. T. U. to introduce and circulate temperance literature; to have addresses given in their language and, if possible, to establish newspapers; to make the vote of foreigners a temperance vote through conviction of right principles and by personal appeal and combined action. Send to National Superintendent for leaflets in German and all other languages.

Work Among Colored People.

Superintendent, Mrs. Lucy Thurman, Jackson, Mich.

This department is for the purpose among colored people of all branches of work enumerated.

H. Prevention—Health and Heredity.

Superintendent, Louise C. Purington, M. D., 22 Allston St., Dorchester, Mass.

The aim of this department is the development of the highest life physical, mental and spiritual; instruction in the laws of health in relation to dress, food, air, exercise, cleanliness, sanitation, ventilation, mental and moral hygiene. It teaches the law of heredity and the right of every child to be born well. It is eminently a depart for study. It is fundamental.

Non-Alcoholic Medication. Superintendent, Mrs. M. M. Allen, Newark, N. Y.

This department presents to the W. C. T. U. and through it to people in general, the teachings of eminent physicians who discard alcohol as medicine. It is vital to the success of the temperance cause, as total abstinence and prohibition principles can never triumph while alcohol continues to be a popular remedy. Its plans are the study of departments, literature by every W. C. T. U. and free distribution of the same; lectures showing superiority of the non-use of alcohol in sickness; distribution of pamphlets by well known and successful men, alcoholic physicians, among teachers, pastors, editors, doctors, medical students and other leaders of thought.

Resolutions for Mrs. Rebecca Kerns.

Whereas, Through the death of Ervin Morton Kerns—Co. C, 16th Reg't, Penn's Volunteers—overwhelming sorrow has come to the heart and home of his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Kerns—a member of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and

Whereas, Even during his brief service in the army Mr. Kerns had won from his captain the noble title of "a good soldier," thus evincing qualities that would have secured for him honorable distinction, the members of the Union are greatly moved at the deep affliction of the bereaved mother, and while they can but share with her a just pride in the success to which her son had attained, they recognize the truth that praises and plaudits cannot heal smitten hearts, therefore, they extend to Mrs. Kerns and to the family their deepest sympathy, and they pray that in this gloom there may come to all light and comfort from our Father who is in heaven.

AMELIA G. CHURCH,
KATE B GALLUP,
SARAH A SCULL.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than A. B. Armstrong & Co., who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded. A. B Armstrong & Co.

Knight Templars at Pittsburg.

On Sept. 8th to 11th will sell tickets to Pittsburg, Pa., and return at rate of one fare. Tickets good for return to October 12th, except on deposit of tickets with Joint Agent at Pittsburg, not earlier than October 13 nor later than October 17, and on payment of 50 cents return limit of tickets can be extended to leave Pittsburg to and including October 31. Call on agents for particulars.

Two Million a Year.

When people buy, try and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets. Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. Certain merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for every body the year round. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

WANTED—Active agents to sell Tea, Coffee, Spices and Baking Powder to families. Liberal commission allowed. Apply to Grand Union Tea Co., 33 W. Long Ave., Duffels, Pa.

FARM WANTED—State cash and time price. Anson H. Russell, Akron, O.

PATENTS

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Peaches, Grapes, Vegetables,

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A CRITICAL TIME

DURING THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

Sick or Well, a Rush Night and Day.

THE PACKERS AT THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA WERE ALL HEROES—THEIR HEROIC EFFORTS IN GETTING AMMUNITION AND RATIONS TO THE FRONT SAVED THE DAY.

P. E. Butler of pack-train No. 3, writing from Santiago de Cuba, on July 23d; says: "We all had diarrhoea in more or less violent form, and when we landed we had no time to see a doctor, for it was a case of rush and rush night and day to keep the troops supplied with ammunition and rations, but thanks to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy we are able to keep at work and keep our health; in fact, I sincerely believe that at one critical time this medicine was the indirect saviour of our army, for if the packers had been unable to work there would have been no way of getting supplies to the front. There were no roads that a wagon train could use. My comrade and myself had the good fortune to lay in a supply of this medicine for our pack-train before we left Tampa, and I know in four cases it absolutely saved life."

The above letter was written to the manufacturers of this medicine, the Chamberlain Medicine Co. Des Moines, Iowa. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

E. C. Henry & Co.

HAVING RECENTLY OPENED UP IN THE

NASH BUILDING

WITH A FULL LINE OF

Fine Cigars, Tobaccos and Confectionery.

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK, ESPECIALLY IF YOU ARE A LOVER OF A GOOD SMOKE.

WE ARE ALSO AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

DuBois Heating Stove.

CALL AND EXAMINE IT.

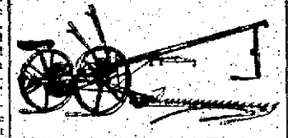
Pittsburg Papers

ARE SOLD HERE.

E. C. HENRY & CO.,

Smethport, Pa.

Buckeye Ageny.



The world famed Buckeye Mowers, Banner Binders, Elevator Binders, Drop Reapers, Hay Rakes and Tedders are on hand and for sale at bottom prices.

To have the Buckeye is to have the very best that has been made by human hands. Up-to-date in every respect. If in want of any farm machinery see me sure.

A. T. PALMER.

Agent for McKean county.

FOR 1898

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work guranteed.

C. SASSE,

Smethport, Pa.

For a FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW Step into the

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars and Fine Confectioneries

Always on Hand.

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

REMOVED TO

The CALLAR BLOCK

JOHN MILLER,

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

CUTS OF LATEST STYLES Free for the Inspection of Customers.

Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

"THAT CHEAP LOOK"

IS NOT A CHARACTERISTIC OF OUR FURNITURE.

While it sells at the lowest level, it carries an air of respectability, comfort and grace that is to be found nowhere else except at a great advance in price. Remember, when about to purchase Furniture, that no matter how high the price or what the actual value, if characterized with "That Cheap Look" it must detract from the appearance of your home and that money thus expended is worse than thrown away. Our forte is to assist you in avoiding this calamity.

SLOAN & ERVIN,

16 Main Street, - - BRADFORD, PA.

SEASON'S OPENING.

We make our Fall Announcement with feelings of deep gratitude to our friends for their liberal patronage during the past season. We open the Fall Season with the

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

Mrs. Maxwell found a vegetable stimulation in a swift dash through the darkness and the perfume of the blossoms. She drew rein as a horseman approached her.

"I was on my way to see you," Mr. Hopkins said.

The shadows fell before them as they rode. Suddenly her horse shied.

"Why will you ride that brute?" he asked, anxiously. "I am positive he is vicious."

"Oh, he," she answered, lightly, "but I am managing him. Once he threw me, I was sitting carelessly when a rabbit leaped across the road, and Charlie leaped with the thought.

"I wish your father would not allow you to ride him," he insisted.

"He would not allow that for ourselves, my cousin took charge of him, and exhibited him, at least, to-day's flight in."

"He is hunted for your cousin?"

"Yes."

"And you are very fond of him?"

"If my heart I don't believe I could live without him."

"And your cousin?"

Her eyes widened, then she laughed, a richly pearled laugh, and the color mounted to her cheeks.

"I hope that your speculations about my heart and my cousin have served to amuse you an idle half-hour or so."

"Forgive me," he said, beseechingly, "it will break my heart if you are angry."

"Then you can be easily broken," she suggested.

"Don't be questioned, bitterly. He bowed forward impetuously, with his hand on the horse's neck. "Madeline, I can no longer conceal—I came to tell you my—my—my love. I want you for my—my—wife!" she added.

"Wife!" he murmured, dreamily.

"Yes, why?" What on the new the look of pain on his face. "Forgive me," she said gently.

A sudden rebellion against fate broke from within him.

"I am going away forever—forever!" he declared, bitterly. "I am leaving my heart with you. It is nothing since you don't care for it, but it is all I have to give. I have held myself in so long; I have guarded every word; I have eaten my heart out by slow degrees. It is a sort of justice that I should find you loved in me, for I have been hard, unfeeling, cruel and unresponsive where there was the strongest claim upon me."

"I do not believe it," she said quickly.

He looked at her gratefully.

"Madeline, oh, Madeline, it is no use!—this hour was full of despair—let me tell you about it, then you can go."

"I need tell me nothing," she answered, impatiently.

"Yes, I must tell you. Madeline, I—"

"Stop!" she ordered.

"Don't be unreasonable, dearest."

"Then